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SCENE FIRST.—*Gallery in the Royal Castle of Allaquiz.*

Enter COUNT PALAVA, L., and LADIES and GENTLEMEN of the Court in great confusion.

CHORUS.—“*I'd rather have a Guinea.*”

'Tis a shame I declare,
And I'd tell him to his face,
He's a brute and a bear,
If it wasn't for my place.
Had he not been a prince,
And the heir to a throne,
Such an ugly baboon
Sure had never been known.
But his person we must flatter,
And his sayings we must quote,
Or we shouldn't get a guinea
Or a one pound note!

Enter LEANDER, R., followed by the MARQUIS OF ANYSIDOS.

LEANDER. What is the matter? Murder, fire, or robbery?
Who is it making this tremendous bobbery?

1ST LADY. Only Prince Furibond, at his old sport,
Kicking the courtiers all about the court,
Pinching the maids of honour black and blue,—

2ND LADY. He's nearly broken poor Gold-stick in two;
Given the grooms in waiting monkey's wages,
And pitched down the back stairs a dozen pages.

COUNT. He's knocked my teeth almost out of their sockets,
But I must put my feelings in my pockets.

LEANDER. It is the place they're kept in, sir, by many,
Touch them elsewhere, you wouldn't think they'd any.

MARQUIS. Ah! Don Leander, were you on the throne—

As you would be, had every one his own——

LEANDER. My lord, for me ambition has no lures,

And more on that head may endanger yours.

MARQUIS. You'll not betray me?

LEANDER. Sir, I am no traitor.

1ST LADY. You are Hyperion, and he a Satyr!

COUNT. As ugly in his mind as in his mien,

His eyes two gooseberries—

2ND LADY. One red, one green;

MARQUIS His nose between a bottle and a snub,

COUNT. His legs, two ninepins,

MARQUIS. Stuck into a tub.

1ST. LADY. He'd make, without the aid of paint or lacker,

A street-door knocker,

2ND LADY. Or a Dutch nut-cracker!

COUNT. How can the queen on such a monster doat?

LEANDER. He's coming! you had better change your note.

COUNT The devil! that's indeed another story.

Enter FURIBOND, R.

ALL. (*except LEANDER*) Long live Prince Furibond! the
nation's glory!

Song.—FURIBOND.—“*Bonny Laddie.*”

Bow, ye venal servile train!—Tooral loodle!

Hint, who dare, I'm even plain—Tooral, &c.

As their friend, I'd them advise,

Just to mind their precious eyes!

Whilst I live I'll have my way;

When I'm gone have yours you may.

But till then you'd best obey,

Or with you all the deuce I'll play!

COUNT. Most gracious sir, you are a model Prince!

Greater than e'er was seen before——

MARQUIS. Or since.

1ST LADY. A Prince whose beauty takes all hearts by
storm,

2ND LADY. The glass of fashion, and the mould of form!

FURI. Oh! am I so? Leander, what say you?

LEANDER. Nothing, your royal highness—

FURI. Nothing! Poo!

Nothing can come of nothing—speak—encore!

LEANDER. Sir, I am nothing, so can say no more!

FURI. You're good for nothing, that's the fact, young dandy.

How dare you venture words with me to bandy?

LEANDER. If I've offended, sir, I make my bow.

FURI. Stay, I command you!

Flourish. Enter DON MOUSTACHEZ, L.

Now, sir, what's the row?

MOUSTACH. The Cat's paw Indians, sir, have come to pay
Their tribute to the queen.

FURI. What tribute, pray?

MOUSTACH. Ten thousand roasted chesnuts, which they've
got

Out of a neighbour's fire—for us too hot.

FURI. And what do they get by this friendly feat?

LEANDER. Burnt fingers, and the empty skins to eat!

FURI. Ha! ha! and serve 'em right, the stupid elves,
Why don't they keep the chesnuts for themselves?

Leander, stand aside and see them come.

LEANDER. They are at hand—I hear the Indian drum.

ROUND.—“*The Indian Drum.*”

Hark, 'tis the Indian drum—

But search thro' the courts around

Cat's paws may there be found!

As great as those that come.

*Enter the CAT'S PAW AMBASSADORS, L., with their SUITE,
and SAMBO, the Interpreter.*

FURI. Really, a very curious looking band!

Tell them, they may salute our royal hand.

COUNT. Where's the Interpreter?

SAMBO. Dis child, sah. Here.

COUNT. Tell the Ambassadors they may draw near
His royal highness, the Crown Prince—

- SAMBO. O golly!
Dis buckra man—de Prince. (*bows to LEANDER*)
- FURI. How now! what folly!
You stupid nigger! you should bow to me!
I am the Prince, fool!
- SAMBO. De Prince Fool, me see!
Ha, ha! (*pointing him out to Ambassadors*) Him great
fool! Berry ugly, too!
Ha, ha! what nose him got! (*pulls it*)
- FURI. You rascal! you!
- CATCH.—“’Twas you that kissed the pretty girl.”
- COUNT. How now, sir?
I vow, sir,
I cannot this allow, sir,
His highness is the real prince
He sir, he.
- FURI. Yes, me sir, me!
- SAMBO. Who you sah?
Poo, poo sah!
Dat story nebber do sah
O golly! what a pretty prince!
You sah, you?
- LEANDER. Yes, he sir,
You see, sir,
Indeed, it isn’t me sir,
His highness is the real prince—
He sir, he?
- FURI. Yes, me sir, me!
- SAMBO. No, no, sah,
No go, sah,
You Tom fool, drest for show, sah!
But Sambo know him real prince,
So sah, so!
- FURI. You lie, sir,
’Tis I sir,
How dare you thus stand by sir, (*to LEANDER*)
And see your princee insulted so?
For you sir, you!
- FURI. (*furiously*) Treason!
- COUNT. The Queen!

Enter QUEEN *and* GUARDS, R.

ALL. Her majesty !

QUEEN. What ails my ducky !

SAMBO. O dibble ! dat de Prince ! me cut my lucky !

Exit, L.

FURI. This traitor ! (*seizes* LEANDER)

LEANDER. I !

FURI. Deny it if you dare !

'Twas to insult me, a deep-planned affair !

Banish him, mother ! Or, before your eyes,

On his own sword, your lovely darling dies !

QUEEN. Oh ! hold, my chickabiddy ! my sweet poppet,

Come to mamma ! and you, the twig, sir, hop it !

(*to* LEANDER)

Venture again within our house or gardens,

And for your life I wouldn't give five fardens.

Trio.—QUEEN, FURIBOND, *and* LEANDER.—“*Poor Soldier.*”

QUEEN. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears,

FURI. I'll fit you, rogue, for your jibes and jeers !

LEANDER. Upon my word you're a nice young man.

FURI. I'll cut off his head to-night, if I can !

LEANDER. 'Tis really funny.

QUEEN. My pet, my honey ! (*to* FURIBOND)

Begone ! (*to* LEANDER)

LEANDER. Thus low on my humble knee——

QUEEN. Go dance your dogs to your fiddle de dee,

I'll teach you to talk to a queen like me.

LEANDER. (*aside*) From court I turn to the scenes I love.

FURI. (*aside*) A sword through his gizzard I yet may
shove.

QUEEN. My dear, would you anything else propose ?

FURI. Yes, hang the nigger that pulled my nose !

LEANDER. 'Twas vastly funny !

QUEEN. I will, my honey !

Begone (*to* LEANDER)

LEANDER. Still, ma'am, I'll your humble be.

QUEEN. Go dance your dogs, &c.

Exit LEANDER, L. ; QUEEN, FURIBOND, *and* all the
COURT, R.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Garden of an old Hunting Lodge.
In centre an alcove, with practicable door, open.*

Enter LEANDER, L.

LEANDER. Banished the court, where I by right should reign,
To these ancestral halls I haste again,
And hail the scenes where I was wont to play
At marbles, hopscotch, hoop, and widdy way.
How fond remembrance roves in all directions,
And conjures up the sweetest recollections,
Before this seat, with moistened eyes, I stop—
'Twas here I sucked my earliest lollipop !
Here, in a frolic mood, at evening's close,
With a new top I pegged my tutor's toes.
The dear old quiz ! Ah, I remember well,
It wasn't on my top his vengeance fell !
Here, too, on a Guy Fawkes's day at night,
I tied a lighted cracker very tight
To his respected pig-tail ! But ye are past !
Ye hours of innocence ! too bright to last !
And like the firework, having cracked your joke.
Leave but a tale behind, and end in smoke !

Air.—LEANDER.—“ *Sonnambula.* ”

When I played those tricks so charming,
With squibs and crackers old Wigsby warming,
In grim Guy Fawkes's and Jacks in boxes,
I invested—I invested all my tin.
Guys as ugly still round me grin,
But those days, but those days don't come agin !
Man the bright squibs of childhood spurning,
Other wheels than “ Catherine ” turning ;
To increase his fortune yearning,
Scheme on scheme sees explode and pass away,
Worse than ever his fingers burning—
No fun at all, and lots to pay.

(takes a flute out of his pocket and sits in the alcove)
Ye old familiar echoes ! too long mute,
I'll wake ye, with a warble on my flute !

*(plays ; an adder glides into the alcove and coils
itself round his leg)*

Holla! what's this? As I'm alive, an adder
Is making of my precious leg a ladder!
I'll seize him with my kerchief by the head.

*(lays down flute, draws his handkerchief from his
pocket, winds it round his hand, and seizes the
adder)*

Now, my fine fellow, you're as good as dead.
I meant to play upon the flute, but you
Shall find I can play on the serpent too.
Yes, you may show your teeth, but you can't bite.

Enter GARDENER, L., hastily with a hoe.

GARDEN. Hah! master, have you caught it? hold it tight,
The pois'nous warmint gave me such a race!

LEANDER. How piteously it looks me in the face,
As if beseeching me its life to spare;
To kill it, really now, I couldn't bear.
See what unusual tints its surface mottle,
I will preserve it!

GARDEN. Do, sir, in a bottle.

But kill it first, or let me, with this hoe;

LEANDER. The poor thing fled to me for succour. No!
Its touching confidence it ne'er shall rue.

GARDEN. Then, sir, that's more than you are like to do.

LEANDER. Do as you would be done by, cruel clown.

GARDEN. You'll be done by it, sir, uncommon brown.

LEANDRR. See, in good spirits, now the creature twine,

GARDEN. I'd rather see it in good spirits of wine.

LEANDER. On flowers and milk it henceforth shall exist;

GARDEN. You'll find a snake has got a famous twist.

LEANDER. In the alcove in safety I will lock it!

*(puts up his handkerchief, and shuts the adder in
the alcove)*

GARDEN. He's put his other wiper in his pocket.

(hunting horns, L.)

LEANDER. Horns! how I love the sound! Ha! there
they go.

Oh, for a hunter! yoicks, yoicks! tally-oh!

GARDEN. Yes, tally-oh, over our garden wall,

That sport don't tally with my hoe at all. *(runs off, L.)*

LEANDER. (*looks off*) The royal liveries ! why it must be Prince Furibond ! Yes, sure as fate 'tis he, And down by Jupiter ! his steed has stumbled, And plump into the ditch his highness tumbled. The boar too, now on his pursuer turns ; To think on past offeneer Leander spurns. Forth my good sword, and shew thy temper true.

Music.—Exit LEANDER, L.—Four HUNTSMAN rush in, L.

HUNTSMAN. Help ! help ! the Prince !

Re-enter LEANDER, supporting FURIBOND, L., who is covered with mud.

LEANDER.

He's safe !

FURI. (*to Huntsmen*)

No thanks to you.

You cowards who can only cut and run,
When you should run and cut, as he has done.

Up with the game, of eourse, I wished to be,
But zounds the game was nearly up with me !

My brave preserver—whom I must reward—
Allow me pray to ask you for your eard !

LEANDER. Leander, sir. Does not your highness know me ?

FURI. (*aside*) Ha ! if I am not in a fix now, blow me !
(*aloud*) Rescued by you ?

LEANDER.

As Tom Thumb said before,

“ I've done my duty, and I've done no more.”

FURI. (*aside*) So, so, my gratitude this knowledge checks,
Come here, you rascals. (*to Huntsmen*) If you'd save
your neeks,

Prove you can stick a man, if not a boar,
And nail my friend there fast against that door.

(*music.—As they turn upon LEANDER, a voice from the Alcove calls “ Forbear !” Thunder and lightning.—The PRINCE and HUNTSMEN exeunt in terror, L.*)

The Alcove changes to a Fairy Temple, and discovers the FAIRY GENTILLA seated on an enormous Serpent.

LEANDER. A Lady ! seated on a snake !
Surely I dream ?

FAIRY.

Oh no, you're wide awake.

I am the adder, of your preservation.

LEANDER. An adder, quite beyond my calculation.

FAIRY. You've heard, no doubt, of fairies, now you see one,

LEANDER. I had a slight suspicion you might be one.

FAIRY. My name's Gentilla.

LEANDER. None could be genteeler.

FAIRY. I see, sir, you're in compliments a dealer.

LEANDER. Pardon me, madam—really in this case—

FAIRY. No matter—to your own—I'm of a race,
Who live a hundred years in blooming youth.

LEANDER. To see you madam, is to feel that truth.

FAIRY. A change to vipers, then we undergo,

LEANDER. "I would not hear thine enemy say so."

FAIRY. Fact on my honor,—for eight days we pass
Our wretched lives as snakes amongst the grass,
And may be killed, like any mortal creatures,
And never more regain our fairy features.

You saved my life—in turn as you're aware
I have saved yours, but I will not stop there :
What can I do to please you most?

LEANDER. Stop here.

FAIRY. You are gallant, indeed, but that I fear,

- Would not be quite correct in your position.

But tell me—if to reign you've an ambition ;

I'll make you king of any realm you'll name.

LEANDER. No, but I thank you, madam, all the same.

FAIRY. Would you become a spirit?

LEANDER. I should show,
A more becoming spirit to say no.

FAIRY. You'd have the power, invisible to be,

Flit like a fairy over land and sea

Where'er you will, unseen, be ever present.

LEANDER. Egad ! sometimes that might be rather pleasant.

FAIRY. Aye, think again, and don't in haste refuse ;

You are too good such power to abuse,

Or I'd not grant it.

LEANDER. Now you flatter me !

But to be brief, I will a spirit be.

FAIRY. 'Tis well ?

LEANDER. Stop, stop, one moment ! Tho' an elf,

I still shall have a body like myself ?

FAIRY. Oh, certainly, for tho' you need not fetter
Yourself to that, you couldn't get a better.

LEANDER. A finer compliment was never uttered ;

FAIRY. You're so well bred, you ought to be well butter'd.

*(waves her wand ; a golden arm rises through stage,
bearing a scarlet cap and feather)*

This little scarlet cap and feather see,
Fifty leagues off, if you desire to be,
Just put it on and wish, and you are there.

LEANDER. Licensed to carry one and charge no fare.

FAIRY. To be invisible when you're inclined,
You've but to turn your cap, the plume behind,
And though a hundred folks were looking right at you,
There's not a saucy boy can take a sight at you.

LEANDER. Thus gifted, they at least can't see my fellow.

FAIRY. Now pluck three roses, red, and white, and yellow.

*(music—LEANDER gathers them and gives them to
the FAIRY)*

This crimson flower *(gives them to LEANDER one by
one)* secures you florid health,
The yellow one, will yield exhaustless wealth ;
The white will test the truth of woman's love—

LEANDER. This last I prize all other gifts above !

FAIRY. Thus by investiture of cap and flower,
I create you, in virtue of the power
Granted to me as Fairy Grand Rewarder,
A Knight Companion of our Elfin Order,
Of the first class, by name of Lutin, and
With rank and style of Prince in Fairy Land,
And now, until we meet again, good bye.

Music—the FAIRY mounts her serpent and disappears, R.

LEANDER. I'm all agog my magic gifts to try :
You in my vest I'll wear, sweet Rose of health,
You in my pocket, my rich Rose of wealth,
You nearest to my heart, pure Rose of true love,
Till drawn to test the heart of her I do love,
Or rather may, for though I've sighed for fashion,
I'm yet a stranger to the tender passion !

So in the hope some fair dame to fall in with,
I'll wish myself five miles off to begin with.

(*change to*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Forest ; on one side a mile-stone, on which is written, "Five miles from the spot on which Hicks's Hall formerly stood."*

All's right no doubt ; five miles, I see, they call
This from the spot where once stood Hicks's Hall.
Where Hicks's Hall once stood was never known,
But now 'tis clear—'twas five miles from this stone.
In what direction, though, it doesn't say—
Well, even that we may find out some day,
For were it in the moon there's yet a hope
Now we have got Lord Rosse's telescope.

ABRICOTINA. (*without, L.*) Help! help! Police! police!

LEANDER. Police! I fear

Lord Rosse's telescope can't help us here ;
For even with that speculum so vaunted,
You can't see a policeman when he's wanted.

ABRICOT. (*without*) Help! help!

LEANDER. Again! a maiden in a mess!

"I fly to aid a female in distress!"

As I heard some one shout once at the Surrey,
In—pshaw! no matter what—I'm in a hurry.
Soft—hold a little—prudence bids me stay,
Four rogues are dragging a poor wench this way,
Fierce whiskered gents, as ever in pea jackets
Smoked bad cigars on board the penny packets.
I'll turn my cap the plume behind, and see,
If so equipped, the rascals will smoke me.

(*music—turns his cap*)

Enter RUFFINO, SANGUINO, DESPERADO, and STILLETTO,
dragging in ABRICOTINA, L.

RUFFINO. Here! This way! To this tree the baggage bind
Whilst we cast lots for her.

LEANDER. (*aside*) All's right, I find.

ABRICOT. If ye be men, for male attire ye wear.

And I can't see your faces for the hair,

Have merey on a hapless, helpless, maid,
 Who, in an evil hour, from home has strayed,
 In search of a pet parrot! all my wages,
 If it's not found, my lady'll stop for ages.

DESPER. You'll stop with us till some one pays your ransom,
 And, if you're mine, they'll have to come down
 handsome.

LEANDER. (*to DESPERADO*) That's more than you can do
 for any money.

DESPER. (*turns to RUFFINO*) I dare say, now, you think
 that very funny.

RUFFIN. Who, I? I never spoke a word.

LEANDER. (*to RUFFINO*) You lie!

RUFFIN. I lie? there, (*stabs DESPERADO, who falls*) so do
 you now.

ABRICOT. Oh! oh my——

LEANDER. (*aside*) So much for one!

DESPER. I'm settled. Oh Sanguino
 Avenge my death.

SANGUIN. I will—take that Ruffino!
 (*stabs RUFFINO, who falls and dies*)

LEANDER. (*to SANGUINO*) Stab in the back! ah coward!

SANGUIN. (*turns and strikes STILLETTO*) Coward?

STILLET. Oh!

Villain! thy blood shall answer for that blow.

(*they fight off, R. LEANDER turns his cap and
 salutes ABRICOTINA*)

LEANDER. Madam, your most obedient, very humble——

ABRICOT. Oh merey! from the sky, sir, did you tumble?

LEANDER. I would have tumbled twice as far to aid you.

ABRICOT. I'm glad you're come, I'm sure what ever
 made you?

LEANDER. Pair off with me, ma'am, whilst their swords
 they measure.

ABRICOT. Oh, that I will, sir, with the greatest pleasure.

Duet.—ABRICOTINA and LEANDER.—“*Ober de Mountain.*”

ABRICOT. The sweetest youth I e'er did see.

LEANDER. But you're attached ma'am to this tree.

ABRICOT. I soon shall be attached to him.

LEANDER. (*aside*) To try my white Rose I've a whim,

Say Rose of true love,
Should she be my darling?
(*touches her with the white rose—the leaves droop*)
No, its leaves are changing,
She is fond of ranging.

Re-enter SANGUINO and STILLETTO, fighting, R.

BOTH. Yah, yah, yah, yah!

LEANDER. } Come along with me ma'am over the mountain,
ABRICOT. } I'll along with you sir, over the mountain.

*Exeunt LEANDER and ABRICOTINA, L. SANGUINO
and STILLETTO at the end kill each other)*

SCENE FOUR.—*Rocks on the Sea Shore, an opening in c.,
through which is seen the Sea, and in the distance the
Palace of Pleasure on the Island of Tranquil Delights.
A boat is moored, R.*

Enter LEANDER and ABRICOTINA, L.

ABRICOT. Thank you, kind sir, for seeing me so far,
I'm just at home now.

LEANDER. Home? the deuce you are!

ABRICOT. You see that island; well, my dwelling there is.

LEANDER. That golden palace! 'tis a home for fairies!

ABRICOT. It is the mansion of a fairy's daughter.

LEANDER. Lovely, of course?

ABRICOT. A gem of the first water.

LEANDER. Married?

ABRICOT. Oh no, a virgin most immaculate!
Ne'er saw a man.

LEANDER. How!

ABRICOT. Thought you would ejaculate!
But it's a fact; not even in a picture,—
Her ma' won't let her.

LEANDER. She is much too strict, sure!
What can have caused so strange an interdiction?

ABRICOT. A common matrimonial affliction.

LEANDER. Tell me the tale, we've time enough before us.

ABRICOT. Well, in a song then, if you'll sing the chorus.

Song.—ABRICOTINA.—“*The Bold Dragoon.*”

There was a fairy Queen,
And she lov'd a smart young man,
And marry him she would in spite
Of all her fairy elan.
In vain they warn'd,
Advice she scorn'd,
And Hymen tied this fond young pair up,
But ere waned the honeymoon,
They'd a strong mind both to flare up.
Whack row de dow dow !
Fol lol de riddle iddle, &c.

The bride was very jealous,
And the bridegroom much too gay,
He flirted with each pretty girl,
In quite a shocking way,
Till in a rage
She in a cage
Shut up her spouse a desert erag on,
And flew back to fairy land
On a long tailed fiery dragon.
Whaek row de dow dow, &c.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd,
When she had a little daughter,
Whom she brought up very strictly
In that palaece on the water.
No men are we allowed to see
Altho' I'm sure they would adore us,
So my story now is told
In a long song with a chorus.
Of whaek row de dow dow, &c.

LEANDER. My euriosity your news excites!
Your island there is named—

ABRICOT.
Tranquil Delights—
The palace styled, of Pleasure.

LEANDER. Without love,
What pleasure can there be this earth above?

ABRICOT. Oh, sir, I'm quite unused to such expressions,
And sworn to doubt all gentlemen's professions.
Sun set! I ne'er was out so late before.

LEANDER. Permit me, pray, to see you to the door.

ABRICOT. No, sir, indeed I can't.—I should be proud,
But 'tis a rule.—No followers allowed.

LEANDER. Are there no means by which to see your queen?

ABRICOT. You would be slain as soon as you were seen,
Our lady lancers keep a sharp look out.

A strong coast-guard the island girds about,
Posted in towers, which they call Martello.

LEANDER. Sure you could smuggle in a little fellow
Like me.

ABRICOT. Impossible to run a mouse.

There are no frauds, sir, in our Custom-house.

LEANDER. But do you swim across?

ABRICOT. No, here's the very boat
I came in.

LEANDER. Ah! a fairy ferry boat?

Well, if it must be so, fair maid, adieu!

"Bon voyage."

ABRICOT. Thank you, sir, the same to you.

Duet.—"Oh, come to me when daylight sets."

ABRICOT. I must be gone ere daylight sets,
And you can't come with me,
So in my gondola I *gets*,
And off I *puts* to sea.

LEANDER. My curiosity begins
With me to run away,
And faint heart never fair lady wins,
I'll venture—come what may!
But she must go ere daylight sets,
And I can't go with *she*,
So in her gondola I *lets*
Her go alone to sea.

ABRICOT. I must be gone, &c.

(*At the end ABRICOTINA gets into boat and rows off,
to symphony*)

LEANDER. Aye, pull away my hearty, my sweet hearty;
But long before you I will join the party.

So with the plume behind I don my cap,
And wish myself in yonder palace, slap!

SCENE FIFTH.—*Throne Room in the Palace of Pleasure.
Rare Birds on golden perches on each side of the stage.*

The PRINCESS is discovered on her throne, surrounded by her Court. LEANDER stands as if wonder-stricken whilst the LADIES of the Court dance and sing, evidently unconscious of his presence.

Chorus.—"Cellarius."

Of all the pleasures, here so various,
The one that never seem to weary us,
Is dancing this divine cellarius,
Surpassing polka, Waltz, or gay quadrille.

PRINCESS. Since the million
Cut cotillion.
And the minuet so serious,
Ne'er from France,
Has come a dancee,
So calculated hearts to steal.

LEANDER. (*aside*) Wonder roots me!
Cupid shoots me
With delight almost delirious!
Dazzled—raptured,
Wounded—captured,
I'm a lost young man, I feel.

CHORUS. Of all the pleasures, &c.

PRINCESS. Is there no news yet of Abricotina?

LADY. No, madam, none of us have lately seen her.

PRINCESS. She'll have some difficulty, after dark,
To make the port with her Peruvian bark:
To leave the island, what could e'er possess her?

LEANDER. (*aside*) Without alarming, how can I address
her!

What if this parrot I pretend to be?

(*pointing to one, L. 2 E.*)

Yes, there's no doubt, that's pretty poll-i-cy.

PRINCESS. Should she be lost, whatever shall I do?

LEANDER. (*speaks from behind the parrot's perch*) Abri-
cotina's coming.

PRINCESS. Who spoke—you?

1ST LADY. No, madam, it was yonder scarlet lory!

2ND LADY. No, 'twas this cockatoo!

LEANDER. (*as before*) Oh, what a story!

PRINCESS. Why, I declare! it must have been this bird,
That I could never get to speak a word.

Of all my parrots the most dull and stupid!

Who taught thee, Poli, to use thy tongue, pray?

LEANDER. Cupid.

PRINCESS. Cupid! Who's he?

LEANDER. The god of love,

PRINCESS. For shame!

Within these halls that's a forbidden name!

Ladies, I'm sure I hope you didn't hear it.

This bird is dangerous, pray don't go near it.

If it should be bewitched!

LEANDER. I am, I am—

PRINCESS. By whom?

LEANDER. By you.

PRINCESS. Now Polly, that's a flam!

Stand farther off, young ladies! He'd cajole

A convent.

LEANDER. Kiss poor Polly—scratch a poll.

Duet.—“ Beggar's Opera.”

LEANDER. “ Pretty Polly,” say:
With him kiss and play:
Why should you such fear betray
Of a feathered lover?

PRINCESS. What great surprize!
His singing vies
With aught that flies,
For aught I can discover.
Fondly, fondly see him loll,

LEANDER. Say, “ pretty, pretty Poll.”

PRINCESS. Sure to love such a bird can't be a sin!

1ST LADY. Madam, Abri- cotina's just come in.

Enter ABRICOTINA, R.

PRINCESS. Wherever have you been to all this while?

ABRICOT. Oh, madam, I have wandered many a mile,
In search of your lost favourite, but in vain;
And I myself had ne'er seen home again,
But for a gentleman's extreme politeness.

PRINCESS. A gentleman's?

ABRICOT. A gentleman's, your mightiness.
And such a gentleman! oh, goodness me, ma'am!
If such a gentleman you were to see, ma'am——

PRINCESS. Abricotina!

ABRICOT. Such a darling!

PRINCESS. Hush!

LEANDER. (*aside*) Although invisible, I'm bound to blush.

PRINCESS. Talk of a man in such a rapturous tone
Before our court.—Ladies, we'd be alone.

Exeunt LADIES, GUARDS, &c., R. and L.

Now, if you've aught particular to say
About the hideous creature——

ABRICOT. Hideous, nay;

The creature, ma'am was anything but hideous,
Quite an exception to his sex perfidious.

His smile so sweet, his eyes such roguish glisteners.

LEANDER. (*aside*) Come, this belies the proverb about
listeners.

PRINCESS. What was he like? not that I care to know.

LEANDER. (*aside*) Upon my word I think I ought to go,
And yet——

ABRICOT. Like nothing that you ever saw,
And then so brave and so gallant, ma'am!

PRINCESS. Pshaw!

The girl's in love with him!

ABRICOT. So would you be

If you could see him.

PRINCESS. I! fiddle de dee!

I love a man!

LEANDER. (*forgetting himself*) Why not, if he loved you?

ABRICOT. Oh, mercy, sure that was his voice!

PRINCESS. Poo! poo!

That stranger runs so in your head—what folly!

It was this parrot spoke, this saucy Polly,

Who has been saying things downright audacious
During your absence.

ABRICOT. That one? goodness gracious!
But really, madam, now to speak the truth,
Shouldn't you like to see the stranger youth?
He's dying at your feet to fall.

PRINCESS. Absurd!

LEANDER. (*as Parrot*) It's true.

PRINCESS. Hush! hush! you naughty little bird;
How dare you talk to me about young men;
I'll have you whipped if you do so again!
To see one here is quite against the law!
What would mama say?

LEANDER. (*as Parrot*) Never mind mama.

PRINCESS. Not mind mama! you wicked little wretch!
Where could the parrot up such language catch?
Do you know?

LEANDER. What's o'clock?

PRINCESS. Ah, by the bye,
What is o'clock? I'm hungry.

LEANDER. (*aside*) So am I;
For notwithstanding I'm an airy sprite
I've got a very earthly appetite.

PRINCESS. It must be supper time, go fetch the cat.

Exit ABRICOTINA, L.

LEANDER. (*aside*) The eat! she's never going to eat that!

Re-enter LADIES, GUARDS, &c., R. and L.

Chorus.—"Old Dan Tucker."

PRINCESS. In my blue cat I take a pride,
He bears the bell from all beside—
There's many a Cat they call "a blue,"
My Tom would blush to be likened to.

Chorus. Oh, come along—oh come along,
Hot boiled beans, and very good butter:
Won't you please to come to supper.

Music.—*Banquet is brought in.* ABRICOTINA *re-enters, L.,*
with Cat, (BLUET) in a basket.

ABRICOT. Here's Bluet, madam,

PRINCESS.

Place the darling's chair.

LEANDER. (*aside*) A Blue-eat! Well, that is a strange affair;

And shall at supper that blue devil sit,
While I stand here, and never pick a bit?
No master blue skin, I'm not such a goose,
Of your cat's-paw I'll show you the true use.

(*two Attendants have brought a large arm chair.*

LEANDER *seats himself in it, and* ABRICOTINA,
not seeing him, places the cat in his lap)

PRINCESS. (*helping the cat*) There pussy, dear, I know
you're fond of leveret.

LEANDER. (*taking the piece up, by the cat's paw and eating it*) And one more tender, certainly, I
never eat! (*aside*)

CAT.

Mow, mow!

LEANDER. (*aside*) Poor puss don't find it quite so pleasant!

PRINCESS. That gone already—here's a bit of pheasant.

(*LEANDER eats it as before*)

CAT. Mow, mow!

ABRICOT. Tom, don't make such a noise; for shame.

LEANDER. (*aside*) We're playing cribbage and he's lost the
game.

PRINCESS. He seems quite famished. Twice he's cleared
his platter.

(*helps him again—LEANDER eats as before*)

CAT. Moow—mow—mow—mow!

ABRICOT. Why, what can be the matter?

PRINCESS. Perhaps he's thirsty, fill his saucer, haste!

ABRICOT. He likes milk punch. (*pouring it out*)

LEANDER. (*aside*) I quite approve his taste. (*drinks it*)

CAT.

Mow—mow!

ABRICOT. He's lap'd it up and mews for more!

LEANDER. (*aside*) He'd ne'er so much cause to look blue
before.

CAT.

Miou—mow!

PRINCESS. No, no; more punch would make you reel:
Here's a delicious crème à la Vanille.

(*LEANDER eats it as before*)

CAT. Miou—mow!

PRINCESS. Not satisfied with that, why surely
Abricotina, he is very poorly.

ABRICOT. I thought this morning he looked rather sickly.

PRINCESS. Take him and put him in his basket quickly :

ABRICOT. A little nap, will cure him beyond question.

LEANDER. (*aside*) He won't be kept awake by indigestion.

Exit ABRICOTINA, with cat, L. Music.—The banquet is cleared.

PRINCESS. How silent Polly has been all this while ;
Some tell us,—after supper walk a mile,
But we say,—after supper dance a measure,
Will you pipe for us, pretty Poll?

LEANDER. (*as parrot*) With pleasure.

Re-enter ABRICOTINA, L.

Air and Chorus.—“Buffalo Galls.”

LEANDER. As I was flying down the street,
A Yankee Poll I chanced to meet,
Who taught me this sweet tune :
“Beautiful girls can't you come out to-night,
And dance by the light of the moon.”

Chorus. Beautiful girls, &c.

PRINCESS. O Polly, this is naughty talk,
I shall go and talk a walk
Where I can't hear this tune.
So follow me, girls, we will go out to-night,
And walk by the light of the moon.

Chorus. Come along, girls, we will, &c.

ABRICOT. (*aside*) Oh, I could hear it, all my life,
And he who'd have me for a wife
Has but to sing that tune.

And say, “Beautiful girl, can't you come out to-night,
And dance by the light of the moon.”

Chorus. Beautiful girls, &c.

Exeunt, LEANDER following, R.

SCENE SIXTH.—*Grotto in the Gardens of the Palace of
Pleasure. Moonlight.*

Enter PRINCESS, R.

PRINCESS. "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."
So I have heard, and now I feel the danger;
The little I have learned about that stranger
Has filled my mind with fatal curiosity;
And made my pulse beat with extreme velocity.
Mama, I know, would call it an atrocity,
She bears to man so great an animosity,
Whom she describes as hideous to monstrosity—
A creature full of falsehood and ferocity,
Incapable of love or generosity.
But why do I indulge in such verbosity,
Which adds but to my spirits ponderosity,
I'll strive to treat the subject with jocosity.

Grand Medley Scena.

Recit.—"The Power of Love."

A child no more—no more the child I'll play;
A woman now—like one I'll have my way.
The Power of Love in Covent Garden reigns—
What if I ask, in one of its own strains,
But for a moment, just to let me see
That nice young man I fancy fancies me.

Air.

Love has power, they say,
Hymen's bonds to bless;
Why should I then stay
In single blessedness?

There may be a prize
Fortune's wheel within,
She who never tries
Cannot hope to win.
Then, for weal or woe,
Seal, O Love, my Fate
Quickly, for you know,
Woman hates to wait.
Hear the tuneful spell,
Murmured like a dove,
By fair Satanel-
La, in "The Power of Love."

"Wait for the Waggon."

Quickly send him hither, Cupid dear,
I long my swain to see,
For I've not the slightest notion
What a lover like can be.
And spite of mother's warning,
I'm bent, whate'er betide,
To doat the wicked wag on
And bolt as his bride.
Doat, doat the wag on,
And bolt as his bride.

(harp music heard behind)

What magic music on the night breeze swells!
'Tis from my grotto, built of tuneful shells,
And fragments of the Rock Harmonicon,
A sort of savage Apollonicon.

(the grotto opens, and discovers LEANDER as the statue of Apollo)

LEANDER *(continuing air)*.

I do believe you, sweet Princess,
And take you at your word;
I vow to make you happy,
And prove your ma' absurd.

So don't mind that she-dragon,
 My dear, my lovely bride,
 But jump my gallant nag on,
 And off with me ride.
 Jump, jump, my nag on
 And away with me ride.

(jumps down—PRINCESS shrieks, and faints upon bank, L.)

LEANDER. She faints, and 'tis no feint, she has really
 fainted!

First here I'll place the miniature I've painted,
 Now, while insensible she thus reposes,
 I'll test the power of my magic roses.

*(produces the red and white Roses, and places the
 white one on her heart)*

The white one changes not—she can love true!

(puts the red one on her cheek)

The red one tints her cheek—she's coming to!

Abricotina's coming too; od rat her,

Where's my red cap? *Retires behind rock piece, L.*

Enter ABRICOTINA, L.

ABRICOT. Dear me, ma'am, what's the matter?

PRINCESS. *(rises and looks about)* Abricotina! Oh, I've
 seen a sight;

A living statue! Such a horrid fright!

LEANDER. *(aside)* The proverb, this time, is more true
 than pleasant.

ABRICOT. Where, madam?

PRINCESS. Yonder.

ABRICOT. There's none there at present.

PRINCESS. No statue?

ABRICOT. No; the pedestal alone.

PRINCESS. *(aside)* The site remains although the statue's
 gone!

It spoke some words, my ear that failed to reach.

ABRICOT. The figure spoke!—oh, a mere figure of speech.

PRINCESS. It was alive and did both sing and speak.

ABRICOT. Ah ! then it must have been a pose plastique !

PRINCESS. A pose plastique ! what's that ? you pose me now.

ABRICOT. An endless exhibition.

PRINCESS. Endless ! how ?

ABRICOT. Why, how long they may open keep, who knows ?

When every day they're less inclined to *close*

Groupe nods at group—each tableau has its brother,

Trying, the wags say, to outstrip the other.

PRINCESS. Talk of a tableau—what is this one here ?

ABRICOT. The miniature of some young man—that's clear !

Oh, madam—now you may yourself convince,

For that's the portrait of the stranger Prince !

PRINCESS. Why with the statue's face this face agrees,

They are as like each other as two peas !

ABRICOT. And yet you said it was a horrid fright—

PRINCESS. That I was in—I did not mean the sight :

But for my fear, I should have been well gratified

To gaze for hours upon it !

LEANDER. (*aside*) My honour's satisfied

PRINCESS. And but for my mama——

ABRICOT. Mama ! I vow

I had forgotten !—she was here just now,

And brought such news !—We're threatened with
invasion.

PRINCESS. By whom ?—for what ?

LEANDER. (*aside*) Here may be an occasion

To prove my love.

PRINCESS. The Prince of Allaquiz

Despairing by fair means to make you his,

By force of arms his arms would force you into.

LEANDER. (*aside*) What ! Furibond ! the wretch, the
earth I'll pin to.

PRINCESS. Double the coast-guard, the militia call out :

ABRICOT. His army trebles ours when we've called
all out.

PRINCESS. Her fairy host mama, has but to beckon—

ABRICOT. Ah, madam, there without your host you reckon !
She has deserted us.

PRINCESS. You never mean it.

ABRICOT. I'd not believe it if I had not seen it.

No sooner had she set foot in the mansion,
Than she cried out, "Oh, love, thy snare who can
shun?

"A vile male creature has come o'er the water,
"And with his flummery will come o'er my daughter.
"I came from Furibond's assault to save her,
"But since her head's been turned by this young
shaver,

"Prince Furibond may cut it off, if willing,
"And I will cut her off—with a bad shilling!"

With that she jump'd upon her fiery griffin,
And cut herself off, a prodigious miff in!

PRINCESS. But no male creature, either good or bad,
Have you or I seen.

ABRICOT. No—I wish I had.

PRINCESS. Deserted by my magic ma!—oh, dear.

ABRICOT. Now madam, don't you wish my princee was here?

PRINCESS. Oh, that I do indeed with all my heart.

LEANDER. Have then thy wish! (*appears armed as an
Amazon*)

PRINCESS. Oh, mercy!

LEANDER. Do not start.

The Prince Leander at thy feet behold.

PRINCESS. Why he looks like a woman!

LEANDER. I've made bold

The habit of an Amazon to borrow:

A man your foes shall find me to their sorrow.

This woman's garb but hides a lover true,

Who'll be your Hero and Leander too.

Air—"The Standard Watcher."

A flag of truce I'll bear this forward swain,
And bid him quickly off himself be taking.

It is your gold, and not your love he'd gain!

A bargain, not a match, he would be making.

But you, my love, it shall not cost a crown,
 Whilst I've this rose—so keep on never caring,
 Enough 'twill yield to buy up—money down,
 Without a brag, a Rothschild or a Baring. *Exit, L.*

PRINCESS. Too daring Prince—ah, whither dost thou run?
 Should he be lost ere Hymen makes us one!
 Oh no, the Fates cannot so cruel be.
 Be kind a spinster to, ye spinsters three.

Duet—"Charming Judy Callaghan."

PRINCESS and ABRICOTINA.

Ye terrible spinsters three,
 Have mercy a love-sick fair upon,
 Don't cut a thread which you see
 Has of lives a fond young pair upon.

Relieve { my } anxious fears,
 { her }

And bring him to { my } feet again.
 { her }

Let { us } be like your shears
 { them }

That only part to meet again.
 Don't say no, awful Mrs. Atropos!

Spare a beau who comes to { my } aid so *apropos*!
 { her }

Exeunt, R.

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Furibond's Pavilion.*

*Flourish.—Enter FURIBOND, MARQUIS, NOBLES, armed
 INDIANS, &c, R.*

FURI. Here have I pitched my tent—tho' not for for long:
 'Tis my intent, elsewhere, to pitch it strong.
 This haughty princess—of my heart a seorner,
 Knows she a longer range than Captain Warner?
 That thus she dare reject my fond addresses.

MARQUIS. I do not know, my lord; but as I guesses—

FURI. Well, as you guesses?

MARQUIS. Unknown to her mother,
Perhaps she loves another.

FURI. You're another.
Is there another like me, stupid pup?

MARQUIS. No, sire.

FURI. Then guess again.

MARQUIS. I give it up.

FURI. But so won't I—the lady or her dibs!

My eash is low. I long to count my rib's.

Who has deseried the number of our foes?

MARQUIS. Some twenty little women without bows.

FURI. We'll find 'em beaux, I warrant, to their taste.

MARQUIS. A seore of Amazons run up in haste.

Children in arms of eourse we didn't count.

FURI. Why, our battalia trebles that amount.

Besides of Cat's-paw Indians we've a lot,

Whieh on the adverse party, they have not.

Who's seen the sun to-day?

MARQUIS. It's not yet out,

But here's the *Globe*. (*gives paper*)

FURI. Holla! what's this about!

"One pound reward, to any one who'll carry

"The head of Furibond to her he'd marry.

"No greater offer will be made the bearer—

"The head being of no use, e'en to the wearer."

A weak invention of some penny-a-liner.

No more upon that head—show me a finer.

Enter COUNT PALAVA, L.

What says the princeess—does she yield?

COUNT. She don't—

She'll see you further first, and then she won't.

FURI. Off with her erown! and on my head quiek set it.

COUNT. Permit us, sire, to wait until we get it.

FURI. Well, be it so, but I won't give my seheme up,

I'm panting like an engine with its steam up.

A thousand boilers bubble in my bosom!

Advance, my Cat's-paws, risk your lives, and lose 'em.

Serew up your courage, drub these young Moll Flags,

Blaze on 'em like blue fiery snap dragons.

Upon them ! forward ! charge like Trojans !—go !
And when you've won the battle—let me know.

Exeunt GUARDS, &c., R.

Song—“ If I had a Beau.”

He's a donkey, I know,

For a soldier who'll go.

Do you think I'll do so—oh no, no, no,

No, no, not I——

Whilst there lives a cat's-paw,

Not a sword will I draw,

But I'll take the *éclat*

Of the victory.

With the cash and the glory, I'll march away,

As others have done before to-day,

March away, &c.

Trumpet—enter DON MOUSTACHEZ, L.

MOUSTACH. My liege—a lady, with a flag of truce,

FURI. A flag of truce !—then show her in you goose.

Exit DON MOUSTACHEZ, L.

A dashing white serjeant from o'er the water,

As if the very tune I sang had brought her.

Re-enter DON MOUSTACHEZ, with LEANDER as an Amazon, L.

MOUSTACH. The *New Belle's Messenger*.

FURI. By Jove, a strapper !

A belle, no doubt, with a prodigious clapper.

LEANDER. Thus speaks my sovereign to——

FURI. I've seen that phiz.

LEANDER. The borrowed majesty of Allaquiz.

FURI. The borrowed majesty !

LEANDER. If that don't suit you,

The *stolen* majesty, you ugly brute, you,

FURI. Good words !

LEANDER. Good cabbage !—that's more in your way.

FURI. Odds bobs !

LEANDER. Be quiet—hear what I've to say :—

The Princess of the Isle of Calm Delights,

Who hates all monsters, and never goes to fights,

Thinking a war in these enlightened times,
The worst of follies, as the worst of crimes,
Is willing to pay any sum you mention,
If to her hand you'll give up all pretension.

FURI. Humph! hah? a very business-like proceeding,
And a much more agreeable mode of bleeding,
To those who can afford expensive pleasures.

LEANDER. She knows you are attached but to her treasures,
And therefore begs you won't be over nice,
She'll think the riddance cheap at any price.

FURI. Are you her steward or her banker?

LEANDER. Both.

FURI. I've seen that face before, I'll take my oath.

LEANDER. Most probably—I always wore it so.

FURI. How?

LEANDER. Why before.

FURI. You are *facetious*.

LEANDER. Oh!

But come, to business.

FURI. Well, upon my honour,
I really set so high a value on her,
Suppose we say a hundred—thousand—millions.

LEANDER. 'Twere tedious counting. Say, of yon pavilions,
How many filled with gold.

FURI. What, great or small?

LEANDER. Yes.

FURI. Well, as you're so kind, just fill 'em all.

LEANDER. Agreed: you'll sign the bond on these conditions?

FURI. I will. (*aside*) My mind is full of strange suspicions!
She's got no baggage—I begin to doubt her,
She can't have got so much small change about her.

(LEANDER *draws the yellow Rose from his bosom*)

LEANDER. (*aside*) Now by your golden leaf, good Rose, I
trust

You'll come down pretty freely with the dust.

(*music—as he shakes Rose, the tents fill with gold*)

COUNT. Look, look, my liege—tent after tent she's filling,

MARQUIS. From some strange flower she is gold distilling.

MOUSTACH. Rose nobles out of a gold Rose she's shaking.

FURI. Hollo! a fool of me this girl's been making!

Before she goes I'll better terms by far gain—
I'll have that precious Rose into the bargain.

LEANDER. There—I have settled, sir, your small account,
So give me your receipt for the amount.

FURI. Not quite so fast, there's something else to settle.

LEANDER. What do you mean?

FURI. Yourself, my lass of mettle.

I may say bell metal, for we suppose

You've uttered base coin, there, under the rose.

LEANDER. You've uttered a base lie—but don't be rasher,
Or in one sense you may find I'm a smasher!

FURI. No bullying!—you'll hand that little rose over,
Or with the next tide to the isle we goes over.

LEANDER. What! break a treaty—forfeit a king's word?

FURI. That's nothing now-a-days—it's quite absurd
To think of keeping anything but what
Will get you something more than you have got;
So give the rose, and you are free to go, ma'am.

LEANDER. You're a freebooter!

FURI. Oh, oh! am I so, ma'am?

Then seize that baggage!

LEANDER. Yes, I think I sees you. (*puts on his cap*)
But you can't me.

MOUSTACH. My liege, she's gone, so please you.

FURI. Pursue her! drag her back—alive or dead!

A thousand ducats for the vixen's head.

Exeunt NOBLES, OFFICERS, &c., L.

LEANDER. Traitor!

FURI. Ha! here—come back—I heard her speak;
She's playing somewhere here at hide and seek.

Re-enter MARQUIS *and* COUNT, L.

LEANDER. (*seizes him by the throat*) Silence.

FURI. Oh, what's this?

MARQUIS. Nothing, sire, I see.

FURI. Then stick at nothing—here.

(*points to where LEANDER stands. As the NOBLE-
MEN strike, LEANDER changes places with FURI-
BOND, who receives the blow*) *Exit* LEANDER, L.

Oh, you've stuck me!

Air.—FURIBOND.—“*Sally, come up.*”

He's let the daylight through me clear;
Go fetch a surgeon, rogues, d'ye hear?
I feel particularly queer!
I may say very badly;
That bounceing belle
Had he pink'd as well!
But she cut off, how, none ean tell,
And I'm eut up most sadly.
Sadly eut up! sadly eut down!
Traitors! I'll twist your neeks all round!
D'ye call this nothing, you stupid hound?
You've run me right through the middle.

(falls and dies)

COUNT. Well, I just have! Of all the awkward jobs!

MARQUIS. What's to be done?—I tremble for our nobs!

COUNT. There's but one way to save 'em left, you gander,
The tyrant's dead—let us proclain Leander!
The true Prince.

MARQUIS. Where to find him?

Re-enter LEANDER, L.

LEANDER.

Here he is.

*Re-enter GUARDS and NOBLES, L., one bearing crown and
sceptre on a cushion.*

BOTH. Long live Leander, King of Allaquiz!

LEANDER. Elected thus, by general aeclamation,
To hesitate would be an affectation;
Take that bad sovereign up.

(they raise and bear out FURIBOND, R.)

As I'm your debtor,

'llo my best to change him for a better.

I go to seek a queen to share my erown with,
And leave you all the dust I have come down with.

Enter FAIRY GENTILLA, C.

FAIRY. Stop—there's no need to use your cap and feather,
I'll take up, and transport you all together.

(waves her wand—change to)

SCENE EIGHTH.—*The Island of Tranquil Delights.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ABRICOTINA, LADIES, AMAZONS, &c.

FAIRY. (*to* PRINCESS) Madam, your foe's defunct, and in
your lover.

The rightful king of Allaquiz discover.

The important question he has come to pop.

PRINCESS. Before so many people—I shall drop.

ABRICOT. Then drop at once into his arms.

PRINCESS.

O la !

LEANDER. Say you are mine.

PRINCESS.

Sir, you must ask mama.

FAIRY. I have done that—and her consent I bear.

PRINCESS. Then pop one question more, ma'am, if you dare,
And set us quite at ease——

FAIRY.

I understand her—

But that were better done by you, Leander.

LEANDER. (*to audience*) It is the old one—ladies, I pro-
pose

To you—your ayes can make man hide his noes—

Say, of your faculties we've touch'd the risible,

Nor doom me henceforth to be quite invisible.

Finale.

LEANDER. In my cap kindly place a new feather,
And all your acquaintance convince,
They should come here, whatever the weather,
To see "The Invisible Prince."

Let us have a fair share of your leisure,

With the rest of the holiday sights ;

And make this house a Palace of Pleasure,

In the world of Dramatic delights.

PRINCESS. As the queen of the island, a levee

En masse in our cause we invite ;

If our tax on your patience be heavy,

Our tax on your income is light.

Approve then, my minister's measure,

Stand up for my old Bill of rights,

And build me a new Palace of Pleasure,

In this Island of Tranquil Delights.

ABRICOT. One word for the author, whom often
You've cheered as your Holiday Bard,
There is really some reason to soften
The heart of the critic most hard.
For the mind of the man doom'd to measure
The taste of the town as he writes,
Is not quite a Palace of Pleasure,
In an Island of Tranquil Delights,

Enter FURIBOND, R.

I'm dead—but I must add a stanza,
For I fancy that some may inquire—
“Do you call this an Extravaganza,
Without a ‘last scene,’ or ‘red fire?’ ”
Dear Public, don't fly in a passion,
Nor condemn a poor bard of times past,
Who, before “grand last scenes” were in fashion,
Only tried to write scenes that would last.

Chorus.

Then give us a fair share of your leisure.
With the rest of the holiday sights,
And make this house a Palace of Pleasure,
In the world of Dramatic delights,

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